

The Mirror

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EDMONTON, ALBERTA, FRIDAY, AUGUST 30th, 1912

PRICE 5 CENTS

THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS

If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
But make allowance for their doubting too;
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
Or being lied about, don't deal in lies,
Or being hated, don't give way to hating,
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise;

If you can dream—and not make dreams your mas-
ter;

If you can think—and not make thoughts your aim,
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster,
And treat those two imposters just the same;
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
Or watch the things you gave your life to broken,
And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools;

If you can make one heap of all your winnings
And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,
And lose, and start again at your beginnings
And never breathe a word about your loss;
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
To serve your turn long after they are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
Except the Will which says to them, "Hold on!"

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with kings—nor lose the common touch,
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
If all men count with you, but none too much;
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,
And—which is more—you'll be a Man, my friend!

—Kipling.

A man who knows my mercurial disposition sent me the above motto for my future guidance, along with a crisp new two-dollar bill for his subscription, and a hearty "God Bless You."

Underlined, were the words
"If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster,
And treat those two imposters just the same."

I can't yet, but I'm starting out to try to. I'm up and down as things go right or wrong with "The Mirror."

These new ventures, how absorbing they are! Down town, in your shops, your offices and various businesses—will you not hear me out how one's very soul seems to hang on the proper dressing of a window, on the straggling first clients who find you out; on the little tokens of friendship, good will, and patronage that come to you in your first modest beginnings?

It is such a wonderful thing to have a new, and as yet unsoldiered career before you.

To be able to begin at last
—If I—oh, that little "if" and how much it is! That unsoldiered career—and such worlds away.

Help me by trying to believe in my singleness of purpose.

As yet "all men count with me, but none too much."

On keeping true to this resolution depends, and no one realizes it more than I do, the future success of this paper.

I don't know anything that last week's initial copy of "The Mirror" reminded me of so much, as an Irish stew. An Irish stew made by an Irish cook, who has an idea, and the result usually justifies her, that the more odds and ends she can throw into the conglomeration, the merrier and better the result.

Well, I'm perfectly at one with her as regards the stew, but when it comes to the making of a newspaper, I hold decidedly different views.

I like Sporting Items on my sporting page. I can't bring myself to view Disraeli's brother's death as "Rather a Good One."

Only a printer could do this
I don't know what else they mixed up on that page.

I hadn't the heart to look.
One poem crowded on the heels of another. It was a merry jumble, if you like.

Of "The Leisure Hour" the least said the quickest rectified.

It was not an hour I would care to repeat.
What made me crossst on the whole miser-
able business was that I knew some of the dear men
would get in a few of their caustic remarks about
what else could you expect from a woman's paper.

So far as this woman was concerned, I wish to
inform them, that it wasn't the woman's end of the
work that bore marks of haste and lack of either
humor or method. 'Twas the lordly creatures them-
selves who made it ridiculous.

Therefore, Shade of Disraeli's Brother, haunt me
not, nor accuse me of making a joke in your poor

taste. It was the Make-Up Man who did you the injury.

I myself had put you quietly by a "Miscellaneous Item"—a "filler in," in fact.

Requestat in Pace.

"Rather good for a woman," said a man last week, laying down this paper.

"Have standards then, sex?"

Our Lords, by the way, have a little habit of assuming this to be the case.

Such and such a thing isn't bad for a man, but of course we couldn't permit our wives or daughters the same liberty.

They say a thing is "rather good" when they mean it's rather naughty.

"Not bad for a woman" insinuates that they, bless their old pharaonic hearts, could have done it should better themselves.

Work should stand as work.

It is such a foolish, antiquated remark, that I wonder that any progressive, intelligent person can be brought to employ it.

The days when a square paced a few steps or so behind her husband, went out in Edmonton, when the Indians took to the Northern Woods.

It was before my time in town.

Now we walk shoulder to shoulder.

Yes, marm!

The main difference between men's and women's journalistic work, I have found, is largely their different points of view. This is inevitable, and makes, if you will but see it, for the interest of life.

The scene-shifter's grasp of the play is not the leading lady's, and the points which convulse the gallery do not appeal to the stalls. Only a genius can fathom the ways of the scene-shifter and those of the star, the humor of the stalls and that of the gallery, and he—possibly because life is short and art very long indeed—usually limits his expression to one particular type. It is not altogether his fault.

We tell him that he is at his best with his scene-shifter or his actress, as the case may, and refuse to read him in any other light.

There was once a French artist who, in the storm and stress of his youth, made a hit with a painting of camels in the desert. Camels, forthwith became the one and only support of his existence, and he painted them industriously throughout a more or less prosperous middle age. Later on, in less hungry days, his artistic soul rebelled against the bond-
age. He ventured on a new subject, and took the result to his dealer. "But the dealer looked coldly at the canvas. "I can't sell this," he said, lifting a disapproving eyebrow; "there are no camels in it, and you know that the public expects camels from you."

Some of you said my work was all right on a woman's page, but all wrong in an editorial department.

Dear Scene-Shifters and Leading Ladies, I won't stay "put" in my old Mirror. I'll have to spend a "Leisure Hour" or so, I'm going to escape when I can to peep "Through the Looking Glass."

The public may expect all the "camels" they like from me. I'm going to tackle something different in Elbert Hubbard's "every little white."

This week I submit for your approval Bill Smith and Mary Jones. If you have not known Bill and Mary up to date, you'd better get acquainted, for both will appear very often on the Front Page of this journal. Bill and Mary are the Man and the Woman on the Street, who have views on most things.

Bill is the fellow who loomes on street corners and has "thoughts." He sometimes digs a ditch. He drives many delivery wagons. He clerks in stores. He is a curb-broker. He outs at the race-tracks. In fact he is the ubiquitous Somebody who is always on the spot when something is happening.

Children, who are sent on messages to her store, a size of much clerical baggage.

She sometimes works in my kitchen. Another day she washes my clothes. She caters for parties. She frivols at teas.

She is the Busy-Body who is here, there, and everywhere, taking note of things. Bill and Mary are old pals of mine. Such philosophy and ideas as I have managed to wrest from the world, Bill and Mary helped me to acquire. Sometimes I have met Mary on street cars and in railway coaches. One day she assumed the guise of a home-sick young girl, and another time she was a cheery, little old woman whom the twilight of life had mellowed, and though her features were common and her cheeks all wrinkles, I thought Mary very, very beautiful.

Sometimes Mary slangs people.

Some things make her tired.

This Duke and Duchess business is one of them.

Mary doesn't object to Dooks and Dookesses on general principles, though she prefers a King if it's all the same to you. Her own "Gracious King" that she sings aloud, for preference.

But if Dukes will insist upon coming to town, she wants to see some doings for her money.

Best she would like to see them drive through the streets in a gilded coach, like the circus beauty Ladies do, bowing and scraping so gracious like.

Perhaps they'd bow to her and Bill Smith. A big Municipal Hall would please her almost as well, where she could look on and see at least what new fashions were coming in, but this dinner and reception business, where only The Bench and their wives, the Military-aries, the Legislatures, and a few selected Municipal Lights, will see the light of day, gives Mary a pain. She's afraid the Duke and his lady won't form the best possible impression of what this town is composed.

She fears someone will put their knife in their mouth during "the repast," or some Marchioness, not sure of her ground, get tangled in her train or drink too much "cider."

Some one ought, Mary thinks, to publish a few rules on "Etiquette" before that dinner is pulled off. She's heard that one of our parliamentary leaders at one such dinner party once ate part of the dish of fruit intended as a centre piece.

Another in an audible voice was heard to enquire: "Say! Which 'tool' do you use next?"

"Heavens!" says Mary, "suppose they do some thing awfully off with the Dook and his Dookess sitting there."

Bill tells her she needn't have any fears on the "cider" question. Pop will probably form the main item on the wine list. It, or Raspberry Vinegar.

"That's all right," says Mary, "but some of our noble representatives will be sure to get off some of their old speeches about 'this great country of ours,' and we'll all be pleased to welcome so distinguished, so great, etc., a member of the nobility to our little city."

"I did hear," said Bill, of one of Our Leading Ladies once addressing Earl Grey to his face as "Your Highness, the Earl of Grey."

"That'd be easy," said Mary. "Praise be if they stop at that."

Read out those regulations the Master of Ceremonies has published, Bill," says Mary, and let's see what's what."

Bill, reading from a local society paper:

"The following information is intended to ladies and gentlemen attending the civic reception which will be graced by their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, as guests of honor, on the evening of September 14th, has been given out by the master of ceremonies:

"Guests are asked to bring their invitation cards and present them to the attendant at the main entrance, afterwards leaving them in the dressing room. They will also take with them a visiting card to be given to the aide at the door of the assembly chambers—for announcement.

Their Royal Highnesses will probably remain seated and bow to the guests; ladies may bow or curtsy, as they please.

Their Royal Highnesses are addressed, as a general rule, as 'sir' or 'madam,' your Royal Highness' being occasionally used.

There is no compulsion as to evening dress.

The Minister of Education's room will be used as the ladies' dressing room.

Mr. Perry's room will be used as a dressing room by the gentlemen.

A guard will be stationed at the door of each room.

"While evening dress is not compulsory at the civic reception, September 14th, the affair is a full dress function, and those who do not wear evening dress are expected to come in their best toilettes.

"There they've gone and put their foot into it at the start," broke in this argumentative young woman.

"Visiting cards, indeed! Are Esquimaux who don't know what to wear on such an occasion, supposed to have such luxuries as 'visiting cards'?"

"Wouldn't know wrapping paper with a name scrawled in blood or something like more Western and appropriate?"

"As to bowing and curtsying, I'd advise our squaws to stick to a formal nod. I heard Lizzie Jones, who works at Mrs. Somebody's, say that ever since word had come that vice-rail was on the way, her mistress had taken half the time bowing and scraping, and going to a Manicure, and so generally getting 'brushed up,' that it was painful to work for her."

"That closing item's a peach, though," said Bill. "If you don't wear evening dress, you're supposed to wear your best bill and ticket!"

In other words you are not supposed to "come on," or "drop in," in your office suit.

"Well, I'm bloused! This town gets more like New York every day."

"So that's the way Col. Lowther sized us up! When he took him 'round,' when he was here? Oh, I don't know, though, that such instructions are out of the way, considering who's going to be who at the dinner.

Remember, when they opened the Parliament buildings here, that precious few of the Members knew what a frock coat was. Most of them "went on" as they "wuz."

"Wuz" meant tan boots, and the suit they used to groom their horses in.

The few who pur-hased the regulation thing stole up back lanes on their way to the "shindig." They, most of them, looked like traveling hypnotists.

"Lor!" says Mary, "wouldn't it be fun to look on at that dinner and see the animals feed."

"They seem to have overlooked one thing," broke in Bill. "At the reception, guests are warned not to indulge in gay language as they pass before the throne, or to confide in his Royal Highness what cute babies they have at home, or what 'snaps' they have for sale."

"Go on," says Mary, "but haven't we got the little up-to-date city, though? Next year they say we're going to have Joe Clarke for Mayor. He'll add lustre to our reputation, won't he?"

What's the use?

"Don't feel" out of it "if you're not" in it. There are times when there is more distinction in looking on at the procession, than there is in heading it off with the clouds.

"OH, SO GENTLY!"

(As sung by Alderman James East in a revised edition of the comic opera, "The Sprink Chicken," to be produced shortly at the Municipal Theatre, Edmonton.)

"If I had taken the advice of my friend Jim, I would not be in this jockpot now."—Remark of Ald. Gustave H. May at the City Hall, as reported in the daily papers.

When Gustave he said to me,
"Let's put Lancy up a tree,"
Yes, he whispered, oh! so gently, oh! so gently,

Gustave whispered, oh! so gently, oh! so gently

That I answered, "Yes," oh! so gently

Gustave, when that "Yes" he heard
Said, "I'll hold you to your word!"

Then he held me, oh! so gently, oh! so gently,

Gustave held me, oh! so gently, oh! so gently,

And the rest you'll guess.

At the council, goodness knows,
When the time came, up I rose
And responded, oh! so gently, oh! so gently,

Oh! so gently.

I declared but oh! so gently,
"This report must hold."

Then I talked so bold and free,
That we won by four to three.

Gustave whispered, oh! so gently, oh! so gently,

Oh! so gently.

Mac protested not too gently,
But we left him cold.

Then the fun began to start,
Gustave said, "We've spilled his cart."

I said, "Gustave, please go gently, please go gently,

please go gently!"

I said, "Gustave, please go gently,"

Gustave said, "Not me!"

"Twas a journey not to divine,
Please, no more of it for me!"

For the car did not go gently, not go gently,

Not go gently.

Really it went most ungently,
That we did agree.

"You can stand a little jar"

Gustave said, "We'll travel far"

I said, "Gustave, do go gently, do go gently,

Do go gently,

Really now, you must go gently,
Or you will annoy

That big man behind the tree,
He'll say, "Come along with me!"

I said, "Gustave, do go gently, please go gently,

Please go gently.

There, you wouldn't go just gently,
Au Revoir, dear boy."

Gustave then was gathered in,
Oh, it was a mortal sin

That he would not go more gently, go more gently,
Go more gently.

When I'd said, "Oh, do go gently,"

What a mess was this!

Gustave promised he'd be good,
If he'd let him off he would.

Always afterwards go gently, oh! so gently,

Oh! so gently;

And I think he will go gently,
And I guess I must.

A bit late, but with the storm all over, and the leaves well settled in the tea-pot, I come to consider the case of Alderman Gustave May, the police situation as it was, and the consequences of that far-reaching last week on the "Colored" Club.

Bill Smith says that Gustave May, far from being

the "leading man" of the little drama, was only the director of the scene-shifters' brigade. Gustave made the big mistake of allowing someone "higher up" to make use of him. That's all. He spoke first, and someone thought out for him afterwards.

Bill bases his conviction of this on an apparently trivial incident. Walking out to take the air the night that The Journal's editor, Chief Lane's resignation, Bill selected Seventh Street as the course of his stroll.

A view of the Parliament Buildings would be a lovely impression to carry to his downy couch to dream about.

No sooner said than done.

Strolling along, about the middle of the first block he came to a big red brick house, and standing in front of it a tall man, he recognized as the Attorney-General.

Seated on a champing steed—engaged with him in conversation, was a Big Gun among the Liberals. And his first name was Jim.

Bill was idly interested.

Presently though, up dashed a motor car. Out hopped Mr. Alderman Gustave May, a big cigar in his mouth. "Jim" lingered a second, and then was off.

But Gustave, doubtless wanting to go to the legal fountain-head of Alberta, to consult the Attorney-General in "some of his cases," lingered in long and earnest conversation on the boulevard.

Now, this wasn't wise for either party.

The night-air, the dew on the grass, interested passers-by!

However, evidently there was much to take up our pair's attention.

The moments passed. Hands waved excitedly.

The next morning the Alderman published his complete retraction.

Bill doesn't "know" anything, but he's a good guesser.

He sizes up the situation thus:

Gustave was more than his antagonist than sinning.

In appearing at the Police Court at that early, early morning hour, he only obeyed "orders." "The Colored Vote" was in trouble. Someone had to act.

Some sympathizer. Someone who felt the Council pulse for the Men Behind the Scenes. Someone who had influence as a spokesman on the Council.

Unfortunately Mr. May had allowed himself to be used as that Somebody, and to let his zeal for "The Cause" overleap his good judgment.

We all make mistakes.

I think already he has paid for his.

I don't believe in jumping on a man when he's down.

Mr. May has made what reparation he could for his error. His unqualified retraction of charges of collusion between the police and the resorts of vice, is a complete vindication of all the parties concerned.

That Chief Lane's services are lost to the city as a result of this "eloquence run riot," is the one big cause for regret. No more capable public servant, I believe, no less approachable a municipal official, has served the city of Edmonton.

The course he took on resigning was the only possible one to a man of honor and with any semblance of pride.

It is almost in the nature of a public calamity that he refuses to reconsider his resignation but out of this apparent Comedy of Errors much good has come.

Thanks to Chief Lane's protest against Council political interference in the department, thanks to his suggestion; henceforth no alderman will walk the streets of an early morning to "catch police officers by surprise," and cater to the "Colored," or any other, vote.

For in future, the Police, the Health Department, and others, will answer to the Commissioners only.

The reign of the City's Almighty, the Aldermen, is in a sense at an end.

They have had a lesson that they are the servants, not the dictators, of the Public, and its officers of the law.

"A good thing, too," says Bill Smith.

Boulevard conversations will in future be held in the seclusion of homes, or offices.

The best families, and wary politicians, never employ them.

I don't know what got into the telephone system during Exhibition week, whether it went on strike, beat it, and went for a week's carnival out at the grounds, whether it was a technical problem, or whether it was put on the invalid list, or what, but certainly it acted up in a manner during those six days that would drive an excitable creature Pinko-walks in less than no time.

I think of a Wednesday we made up a party to do the Fair.

We were anxious to round up the various members, and called the telephone to our aid. This was the result.

"Hello?"

"Heavens! This is the third time I've come down stairs from trying to take a bath."

"No sorry," ding a ling.

Another try.

"Oh, Jack, I can't go unless you get a motor; I'm nearly dead."

"Say, who's on this line. For pity's sake can't you let me speak to my girl?" Ding a ling.

"Hello?"

"Is this 1621?"

"—"

Ding—a ling.

Whirl of dial, presumably for another try at the elusive number.

"I think if the pain appears to be in the —"

"—"

"Is that you again, what on earth do you want?"

"G. T. P."

"No, this is 6704."

"As soon as I get my hair done."

"—"

"Is that 1621?"

"—"

No, this is—Hello!

No, really you know, one doesn't care to be switched on there so suddenly, so halt the party went, and the other half stayed home and cussed over our lovely, lovely telephone system.

As a man is judged by his appearance, so a business house is frequently judged by the appearance of its correspondence.—Mr. J. P. Wilson.

We clergy should do everything in our power to aid the poor in improving the conditions of their life.—Bishop of Hereford.

SPORTING WORLD

The Atlanta Deppers and the Birmingham Gold Dusts, negro baseball teams, were playing a strenuous game in Atlanta. In one inning the Gold Dusts had the bases full with no one out. An ebony hurler stepped to the plate. The pitcher sent the sphere to the catcher.

"One ball!" called the negro umpire.

Again the pitcher got a bang.

After the third ball pitched the man with the

"Two balls!" called the umpire.

indicator shouted.

"Three balls!" Once more the sphere went across the plate.

"Fo' balls; yo' out!" shouted the umpire. The batter was highly indignant.

"What?" he yelled. "Me out? What yo' git dat, nigger?"

"Now, look a-beah, man," said the umpire, "yo gotta be out. Dey ain't no room fo' yo' on the bases."

It looks as if Toronto were going to land the International pennant. A good many followers of baseball who when they lived in the east used to be very much interested in the Ontario city's team, have found that out here they pay little attention to what it is doing. But they could not help following the sensational advance which it has been making lately. Canada's other representative in the league, Montreal, is struggling to keep out of last place.

The bid, which Chicago made in the National last week and which made a good many think it still had a chance, was not maintained. It is hard to see how the Giants can lose. The American, though the result is still very uncertain. Chicago stirred one more of the hopes of its supporters by winning from Boston on Monday, with that prince of veteran pitchers, Ed Walsh, in the box. But this popular team, which started the season so well, can hardly recover the ground now which it lost in the middle of the schedule. Both Washington and the Athletics still have a decided chance though.

Some of the speakers at the French Language Congress made caustic remarks on the adulteration of the ancestral French by the admixture of mere English. The French language, they would urge, must have no trace of English, much as they may respect each other at a careful distance.

The voice of the school-master, priest, no stranger among ourselves, either, was raised.

But what is the use of talking? Baseball is a game which appeals to French and English alike, its general appeal sweeps away all snarls and national crustiness. Its language has hold of the French Canadian under the glamour of the sport. Some of the finest players are French-Canadian. Is it any wonder to the French papers of Montreal and Quebec recounting the games in a dialect that would fill those French language congressmen with pain? tail-end, there is no knowing what would happen if Montreal had only a winning team, instead of the language of Jacques Cartier in the baseball column.—London-Advertiser.

He "smote the spheroid," "clouted" it; . . .

He "biffed it on the snoot."

He "picked a high one from the mitt"

That surely was a "beaut."

He "slammed the horseshoe," "langed the pill;"

He "W-Waloped it."

He "laced it down the line" at will

In most impressive style.

He did a lot of things that we

Can just now recall;

All merely ways of saying he

"Connected with the ball."

That really good horse, Marcus, whom so many fancied splendid, at both the spring and summer meeting in Edmonton, broke the record for the Western circuit at six furlongs during the Lethbridge races, going the distance in 1:16.34. This ought to afford some consolation to those who lost money on him here. Their judgment was all right.

The foolishness of a great many successful jockeys has been often referred to. The case of Grover Cleveland Fuller has lately been discussed. He was the leading rider of his time, and is supposed to have earned at the rate of \$50,000 a year. In half a dozen years he ran through a fortune of a quarter of a million dollars, and now at the age of 25 he is penniless and under arrest on a charge of pocket picking. His own folly has brought Fuller to his present plight. In an earlier stage of civilization, says some wisecrack in talking about Fuller's fate, the fact that a man was able to annex a fortune was a strong presumptive evidence that he had the qualities that would enable him to keep it, but in our day of specialization it very often happens that the money-making knave is found unassociated with any faculty of saving or self-denial. Most people pervert the parable of the figs of the field to their luxurious and selfish tastes and leave it to those dependent on them to take thought for the morrow.

But it is not always that way with jockeys. I know a young fellow, who is about thirty now. He has had a very successful turf career and saved his money from the start. He is now living the life of a country gentleman down in Ontario and carries the role off to perfection. I am told, Alex Cormack is his name. If you have been a follower of racing you know of him.

The way in which the cablegrams handling the reports of the last test match was very trying to the nerves of an ex-cricketer. They had England winning but the last bit of information was that in the second innings Australia had lost but one wicket for the second runs. They also had it that it was Hazlett's bowling which won the match. But Hazlett is an Australian player.

However, it seems that England really did win, Australia collapsing in the last innings for 65. Fry

(Continued on Page 3)

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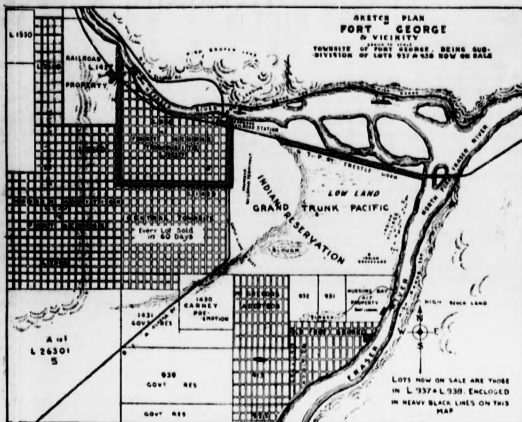
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(Continued from Page 2).

"There were, however, several men who could have played and would have gone out every day for two weeks on end had the games been played in Winnipeg. They want their cricket when they have

The writers of the letter refer specially to the proceedings in connection with Tattershall and the Globe Room at Banbury as showing "what are the proceedings with which those who would fain save the antiquities of our country from vandal hands

"At this stage the second of our number, Lord C. was asked to intervene. He saw Mr. Lenygion, who appeared to be amenable to the arguments that were placed before him, resting as they did on grounds of self-interest as well as of public advantage, and promised a personal reply within thirty-six hours. "This engagement was not kept; but the information was conveyed to Lord C. that the room had been sold in the interval, although Mr. Lenygion declined to give the name of the purchaser."

"We have eighty boys here," said J. W. Budd, the secretary, "and sometimes the demand for them exceeds the supply. The boys are nearly all orphans. Their ages range from twelve to sixteen. Various societies send them to us, and we board, house, clothe and educate them." They stay with us until they are seventeen or so, and then good jobs are arranged for them. A lot of them become butlers, footmen and valets in big houses. Those who are tired of domestic service try other callings, and many are scattered about the world. Several of them have come to Canada and two are in the Cape Mounted Police."

NOTICE! NOTICE!

BEACON ADVANCES IN PRICE HEIGHTS

September 1st, 1912



FACTS

Two Car Lines now in actual operation nearby—the City Park line and Alberta Ave. line.

Half mile frontage on Alberta Avenue.

Adjoining City Park Annex and The Highlands where property sells for \$25 per front foot.

Near Industrial Centre. — S1

Prices 25 per cent less than adjoining property.

FACTS

Dozens of beautiful homes now built or under construction on Beacon Heights or adjoining property.

Adjoining best residential district.

Thousands now being spent by the owners on street improvements at their expense.

School, Churches, Stores etc., nearby.

Very easy terms.

PRICE \$150 PER LOT UP. Terms 1-4 Cash, Balance 4, 8, 12 and 16 Months

ROBERTSON-DAVIDSON, Ltd. 40 JASPER AVENUE E. OWNERS
Adjoining Orpheum Theatre

CORRESPONDENCE.

The Editor, The Mirror.

The first issue of your paper is at hand—long may it live—and in your closing paragraph, about the Edmonton Exhibition, I find a text for writing about what has been in my mind for a fortnight—"The scramble for the cars."

Shall I ever forget that "scramble" Thursday evening after the fireworks? How the rain did pour just as we squeezed out of the subway! We were a party of four. We had been out since the early morning, and the day being ideal, our umbrellas and raincoats were decorating the hall-rack at home. One of us had brought a parasol to keep off the mid-day sun; it didn't help much in that downpour, as we hurried along the board walk towards the entrance gate. We hoped to find a motor there bearing the legend, "For Hire" (You see Edmontonians own so many cars themselves, there didn't seem to be any place in the grounds for the aforesaid "For Hire" ones.)

What did it matter if the price was quadrupled on a rainy night! Who cares for expense when one's comfort and good clothes are at stake? In vain did the "man" run hither and yon, every car had vanished—not one was on the spot when most needed. Then it was when we joined "the scramble for the cars." Everyone admits that the management have accomplished wonders since last year in their preparation for the handling of the crowd. But just as everything else in Edmonton increases twice as fast as anybody's calculations and plans have taken into account, so the crowds at the Fair completely swamped the street car system that night. To get a car, the crowd must go through an opening in a fence onto a temporary, narrow, wobbly board walk. If you were pushed off this walk you found yourself in a muddy field outside of the rail fencing, off the

steps which led to the turnstiles—only two in number—through which you must go to get to the street cars. But first you pass by one wicket where you could "buy your ticket or get the exact change," which was the open sesame for these same gates. This would be easy enough to see in daylight where there was no crowd, but impossible at night when standing in line—in the pouring rain, in the dark—a line that reached back nearly to the entrance gate. There were women and children a plenty, old and young. I am still haunted by the thought of one mother holding the smallest scrap of a baby without any protection whatever from the storm. She was on the outside of the fence, too, and evidently didn't think to duck under, as some of us did, and so the sooner get under the absurd little roof which sheltered the gate keepers. While waiting there, anxious to get through, even though it might be cut into the rain again, I witnessed some dickering for tickets by men, who were informed they could get neither tickets nor change there, and should have provided themselves at the proper place. Go back through that crush to the starting place to get a ticket? Not much! They inquired of the good-natured crowd and found they could procure their "quarter's" worth from the more fortunate possessors of "books." "All things come to those who wait," and after a while we found ourselves on the other side of that gate. And, behold! here was a nice, dry shed containing some seats even. I suppose it was not expected to rain on the "Fair" side of the gate, but you never can tell about the weather in Alberta.

Now, be it known, this is not a complaint; no one was complaining even that night out there in the rain. Why, there was one person—a girl in her teens—who was heard to say, in her politest manner, in the biggest crush, "Please let me pass." I've been sorry ever since that I didn't stop to let her pass—she deserved it for her polite assurance. The object of this long diatribe is to give the man-

agement some pointers as to provision for next year.

Next year the Fair will be bigger and better than ever, and it is almost sure to rain one day anyway. So, why not begin to plan already for just such a night as Thursday of the 1912 Exhibition? Double the size of the waiting shed already there, and build one of equal space for those waiting to pass out. Separate them by at least four turnstiles instead of two as at present. Place at least two car ticket offices, easily accessible to those in the outside waiting shed, and let there be plenty of electric light. In the crush you are apt to mistake a stranger for your dearest friend! Then if it does pour you can feel you have done your best to make everybody comfortable.

ONE WHO WAS THERE.

LARGE FORTUNES AND THE IMAGINATION

It is told of Charles Sumner that during a visit to England, pleading with a distinguished jurist for the abolition of primogeniture, and being asked: "What would you do in America if a millionaire having several children should leave all his fortune to his eldest son?" he replied in a flash, "Do? Why, we'd break the will on the ground of insanity."

Mr. Carnegie's saying that the time will come when it will be considered a disgrace to die rich has a counterpart in the feeling that the time has already come when it is accounted a disgrace that a man of very large wealth should leave his whole fortune, or even the bulk of it, to his personal heirs. This is attested by the shock with which the public learned the terms of the will of the late Colonel John Jacob Astor, by which out of an estimated total of an estate of \$150,000,000, apparently, if we except \$300,000 to a private school, not one cent is left to the service of humanity! It is unbelievable that

the sense of family pride which dictated the purpose of holding together this colossal fortune by a sort of primogeniture should not have operated to claim for a family not without liberality in the past, an honorable share, with others of great fortune, in the future upbuilding of the city and the country with which that family has been identified. This is all the more remarkable because this particular fortune has owed its increased value in an unusual degree to the "unequalled increment" due to the advance of real estate values caused by the general progress of the city.

To be sure, no small part of this great sum will go automatically into the public coffers as an inheritance tax; but this fact does not remove the stigma that rightfully rests upon one who has thus conspicuously counted himself out of the list of the great benefactors of his race and time.

THAT'S WHY

(From the Richmond Times.)

P. V. Daniel, "Virginia Gentleman," was one of the general officers of the old Richmond Fredericksburg and Potomac Railroad. Even in those days, before the Civil War, the road was prosperous, and at a meeting of the Board of Directors some progressive introduced a resolution to reduce the rate for passengers from seventeen to eleven cents a mile. Instantly Daniel, who was chairman, declared the motion "out of order." "Why?" protested its patron. "Why?" thundered Daniel. "If you do that you will have every rag-tag and bob-tail in the State of Virginia riding on our road. That's why!"

I have met very intelligent men who were not able to read and write; men of fine character.—Mr. John Burns.

I HEARD RATHER A GOOD ONE :: ::

The Information Bureau.
Amusing in its bright satire and versatility is the Boston "Transcript's" rimed sketch of a reference librarian's day:

At times behind a desk he sits,
At times about the room he flits.
By asking questions such as these:
"How tall was prehistoric man?"
"How old, I pray, was Sister Ann?"
"What should you do if cats have fits?"
"What woman first invented mitts?"
"Who said, 'To labor is to pray'?"
"How much did Daniel Lambert weigh?"
"Should you spell it, 'wo' or 'woe'?"
"What is the fare to Keokuk?"
"Is Clarke's name really, truly Champ?"
"Can you lend me a postage stamp?"
"Have you the times of Edward Lear?"
"What wages do they give you here?"
"What dictionary is the best?"
"Did Brummel wear a satin vest?"
"How do you spell 'anemic, please'?"
"What is a Gorgonzola cheese?"
"Who ferried souls across the Styx?"
"What is the square of 96?"
"Are oysters good to eat in March?"
"Are green bananas full of starch?"
"Where is that book I use to see?"
"I guess you don't remember me?"
"Hail yer der Hohenzollern?"
"Where shall I put this apple-pear?"
"On est, m'sieu, la grande Larousse?"
"Do you say 'two-spot' or 'the deuce'?"
"Say, mister, where's the telephone?"
"Now, which is right, to 'lend' or 'loan'?"
"How do you use this catalogue?"
"Oh, hear that! I love it! That my dog!"
"Have you a book called 'Shades of Fear'?"
"You mind if I leave baby here?"

"A young Buffalo lookkeeper, on a recent visit to New York, thought to impress his New York friends by putting up at the Ritz Carlton. Of course, he couldn't afford so fashionable an hotel, and he had to economize in various ways to make ends meet.

"He happened on one occasion to be taking his evening meal on a bench in the park when a young man and his sister, friends of his, passed in an automobile.

"The Buffalo youth lent his hand over his sand which, but the New Yorker saw him shout—
"Hello, George! Dining out again, you gay dog, eh?"

The one place where duty always comes before pleasure is in the dictionary.—Boston Globe.

Don't judge too hastily from appearances. The man who comes to your back door, looking like a tramp, may be a retired capitalist trying to run his own auto.—Judge.

When a man complains that life isn't worth living he can always get the undertaker to agree with him at least.—Philadelphia Record.

Lady (to small boy who is fishing): "I wonder what your father would say if he caught you fishing on Sunday?"
Boy: "I don't know. You'd better ask him. That's his little farther up the creek."

"I wish to complain," said the bride, haughtily, "about that floor you sold me. It was tough."
"Tough, ma'am?" asked the greeter.
"Yes, tough. I made a pie with it, and my husband could hardly cut it."

The Woman—My husband is forty today. You'd never believe that there is actually ten years' difference in our ages.
The Man—Why not, indeed. I'm sure you look every bit as young as he does.

The city nephew was showing his country uncle the town from a seat in the open air street car.
You often get a chance to ride on a street car uncle, said the nephew.

No, said uncle, I don't believe I've rid on a street car since we got our new automobile.

"You wish to marry my only daughter," murmured the magnate. "Would you take from me all that I have to solace me in my old age?"
"By no means," declared the duke, warmly. "We want you to keep at least \$20,000."

May: "She has a hard face, hasn't she?"
Ethel: "Hard isn't the word; it's impossible."

Mr. Langside—"When I was your age I went to bed with the chickens."
Tommy Langside—"I don't see how you managed to stick on the roosts."

"The world owes me a living!" shouted the excitable theorist.
"Well," replied the serene citizen, "you're alive, aren't you?"

Mr. Noopon: "Charlie, what do you think? Dad's just sent us a \$100 cheque for our new baby! Wasn't that good of him?"
Mr. Noopon: "I should say so! I'll write at once and thank him for his contribution to the fresh heir fund."

"William, go up to my room. Back of my wardrobe there are—"
"Gears, sir?"
"Yes. How did you find them?"
"Oh, very good indeed, sir."

In a town where two brothers are engaged in the retail coal business a revival was recently held and the elder of the brothers was converted. For weeks the brother who had not converted tried to persuade the other to join the church. One day he asked:

"Why can't you join the church like I did?"

"It's a fine thing for you to belong to the church," replied the younger brother. "If I join the church, who'll weigh the coal?"

Lew Shank, the Indianapolis mayor, went to a convention out of the town and registered at a hotel under the name of "Frank Dawson." An acquaintance of his sounded him up on the alias, to which Mr. Shank responded:

"It's this way. When a man in public life travels around he is frequently annoyed by visitors and cranks. If I put down my right name I wouldn't have a minute to myself.

"I'm not alone in this idea. Nowadays many a public man travels his own name.—Chicago Post.

—Smith went fishing. He caught nothing, so on his way back home he telephoned to his provision dealer to send a dozen bass around to him on his arrival.

"Well, what luck?"

"Why, splendid, of course, he replied. Didn't the boy bring that dozen bass I gave him?"

Mrs. Smith started. Then she smiled.

Well, yes I suppose he did, she said. There they are.

And she showed poor Smith a dozen bottles of Bass Ale.

We come upon the automobile standing upon the brow of the hill.

"Hello!" we say to the chauffeur. Broken down?"

"No, sir, he responds.

"Out of gasoline?"

"No, sir. We have plenty.

"Tire punctured?"

"No, sir. The tires are in perfect condition.

"Lost your way?"

"No, sir. The country hereabouts is very familiar.

"Dropped something from the automobile?"

"No, sir. Nothing of the sort.

"Then why are you standing here. Why are you not shooting down the hill and across the level at a terrific speed?"

"I do not care to do that, says the owner of the machine, who has been silent until this moment. I had my automobile stopped here so that I might enjoy the magnificent view from this elevation.

With a frightened glance at him, we turn and hasten to the nearest town to warn officials that an evidently insane person is at large in an automobile.

At the dinner-table on board an ocean liner one man was much annoyed by the vulgar manner in which his next neighbor fed.

watching him pick a bone in an extremely primitive He tried to take no notice of the man, but in his fashion, he could not control his feelings any longer and turning to the offender, he said:

"You say you really think you would be more comfortable if you took that bone out on the mat?"

"In conclusion, Mr. Allen said he should be pleased to come back at any time to marry any of the young people or to officiate at the burial of any of the old stalwarts of the Church."—Whistable Times

"Edward Whymper as I Knew Him" is the title of an interesting paper in the "Strand" by Consul Kernahan. Whymper tells this story of Tenynson.

At a garden party he rather disgusts young girl, went up to the hostess and said, "Oh, is that really, as I am told, Lord Tenynson sitting there by him self smoking on that rustic seat?"

"Yes, my dear, that is he," was the reply.

"Oh, I should like to meet him. Do introduce me," said the girl.

"Lord Tenynson," said the hostess, when the two had walked together to the seat where the Laureate was smoking, "this is Miss B—, daughter of an old friend of mine, who is very, very anxious to have the honor of saying to you, 'How do you do?'"

"How do you do?" responded Tenynson gruffly, and scarcely looking up.

Seeing herself completely alone, the girl attempted awkwardly to carry on some sort of conversation, but as she got lost in reply was an occasional "Humph!" or else stony silence, she lost her nerve and began school-girl style, to wriggle and to fidget in her seat.

Then the great man spoke. "You're like the rest of them," he began. "You're faced too lightly. I can hear your eyes crack."

Abashed and embarrassed, the girl withdrew. Later in the afternoon Tenynson came behind her and, laying a hand on her shoulder, said kindly, "I was wrong just now, young lady. It wasn't your eyes I heard creaking, but my braces. They're hitched up too tightly. Sorry." And he lounged away.

Dear Miss Brown, ran an absence note.—Please excuse Mary's absence yesterday. She got wet in the a.m. and cold set her in, and couldn't come to school.

Dick, aged four, while paying his first visit at his grandfather's farm, enjoyed nothing so much as watching the man do the milking. One evening his grandmother, smiling into with wet feet face standing at the window, said to him:

"Why, Dick, what is the matter? What's happened?"

"Cause it rains just a little," answered Dick, "my mudder won't let me go to the barns an' see Jim an' Henry empty the cows."

"What it is," asked the teacher, "that binds us together and makes us better than we are by nature?"

"Corsets, sir," piped a wise little girl of eight.

A teacher was reading to her class and came across the usual maxim, "Share as if any one knew its meaning."

One small girl timidly raised her hand and gave the following definition:

"I 'maxim' is what you take off the last thing before you put your nightie on."

Mrs. Lysander John Appleton compels her daughter, Dayne Mayne, to climb cherry trees and pick the fruit. Dayne Mayne is too old to climb cherry trees; she was twenty-three on her last birthday.—Archton Globe.

He had just asked the all-important question; and as he gazed down doubtfully at the girl, his life's happiness rested in her answer. Slowly—slowly—she turned her head; his pulses quickened.

DYSPEPSIA MADE HIM MISERABLE

Suffered Agony Until "Fruit-a-tives" Cured Him

Hundreds of people gladly testify to the wonderful curative powers of the famous fruit medicine, "Fruit-a-tives." To those now suffering with Indigestion, Dyspepsia or other food troubles, this letter of Mr. Bixing, the well known real estate agent of Western Ontario, shows the way to a speedy and certain cure.

Statenon, Ont., Aug. 15th, 1911
"Fruit-a-tives were so beneficial to me when I suffered with dyspepsia, that I wish to inform you of their satisfactory results.

Although I have, as past, suffered greatly with Dyspepsia, I am now in perfect health. "Fruit-a-tives" accomplished the desired result.

R. C. STILLING
"Fruit-a-tives" will cure every trace of Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Stomach Bloating, Pain After Eating, Bile-issues and Constipation.

"Fruit-a-tives" is the only remedy on the world made of fruit juice and valuable tones.

Get a box, 6 for \$5.00, trial size, 3 for \$1.00. At all dealers or send on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

A simple and good rule to remember and to follow is to buy nothing in the baking powder line unless all ingredients are plainly stated on the label. This information is stated on every package of Magic Baking Powder. All Grocers sell it.

SANOL

A German Specialist's Discovery will positively Cure KIDNEY TROUBLE

Bladder Stone, Gall Stones, Kidney Stones, Gravel and all Afflictions of Uric Acid Origin

SANOL Expels Uric Acid NEVER FAILS TO CURE (Hundreds of cured patients can prove our statement)

This German discovery is prepared from herbs and herb extracts, contains no poisonous ingredients whatsoever. Buffers will receive pamphlet free on request.

"SANOL," Price \$1.50 per bottle in liquid form through Druggists, or direct from the SANOL-MFG. CO., Winnipeg, Man. and Chicago, U.S.A.

"Will you answer me one question?" she asked in a tense voice.

He replied, breathlessly, leaning forward to catch the precious words.

"Why," she asked, in a whisper—"why, when I doobled that no trump—did you—lead me—ch?"

Two small boys in a family of Friends, writes a contributor, he had met, during which the older boy became very much incensed.

Finally, no longer able to control himself, he took his brother by the shoulder and shook him, with exclamation, "You little 'you,' there!"

Then as the enormity of his offense came over him, he said, in changed voice, "Don't tell mother I swore."

A well esteemed preacher in a New England community that was rather notorious for the stinginess of its inhabitants, suddenly announced his resignation, and the deacons immediately sought him out for his reasons.

"My decision has been brought about by the negligence of my congregation," announced the divine.

"Why, sir," protested one of his hearers, "I see how you accuse us of negligence. The church is deserted every Sunday."

"Oh, yes," agreed the preacher; "but what I accuse them of is contributory negligence."

The witness testified that he had been knocked down by a motor car and that the chauffeur, who was riding, had given no warning of his approach. "Do you mean," asked the judge, "that he didn't give a horn?" "No, your honor," replied the witness, "I think he'd had too many."

"Lancelot," said the haughty lady.

"Yes, madam?" said the maid.

"Is that the window you see if any other lady is using the lake. If not, I may take a bath."

CECIL RHODES' GRAVE
The following graphic description of the grave of Cecil Rhodes in the Matopos Hills was contained in a letter recently received by a Government official in Vancouver from his sister in South Africa. The writer says:

"I spent the week in an epoch-making spot, close to Rhodes' own special piece of Rhodesia. His lone grave on the bare granite kopie, with the iron giant boulders around it forming a fitting monument, is just five miles from the almost hidden in desert him when he chose the spot. It is well that those who come after him and read the benefits of his large thoughts and wide outlook should be at pains to visit his last resting place, and be moved as he was by the vast, unending view with its suggestion of undying hope for the teeming millions of our Empire for whom he dared so much."

"We drove there through park-like land studded with huge boulder-strewn kopies which gradually narrowed to a beautiful, verdant valley, with massive boulder ridges on either side almost hidden in foliage, then out on a vast amphitheatre where we

McLaughlin's "Canada Dry"



PALE GINGER ALE

With Your Meals—Appetizing and Refreshing

ALL GROCERS AND LIQUOR STORES

out-panned. From there began our pilgrimage upward on the bare granite, and after ten minutes' climb we came in sight of the second kopie with its crown of boulders. In the midst of them just the often-pictured, rough-hewn granite slab with its plain tablet inscribed:

"Here Lie the Remains of Cecil John Rhodes."

"No date—there, too, he was right, such men as he are for all time. Through the four days formed by the boulders one sees ridge after ridge of giant boulder kopies. To the right one looks over them all—out and on and on the eye of man can catch a vast view of a world of which we still know so little, but for which, in the light of modern science, we can still hope so much."

WHEN I MET HIM.
By Wilbur D. Nesbit.

Well, sir, I met Jim Breen today—His hair is getting thin and gray, His shoulders have a little stoop; His eyelids have begun to droop; I hardly would have known him. No, but we were boys this long ago.

Let's see. It's twenty years and more Since we romped at the schoolhouse door. Why, then, Jim Breen was young and plump And he could run and fight and jump And stand all kinds of heat or cold—But, say, Jim Breen is getting old!

Why, look! When I walked up to him And grabbed his hand with "Hello, Jim!" He looked at me a long, long while And smiled a half embarrassed smile And, said, as puzzled as could be: "Well, you have got the best of me!"

Now, who'd have thought the years since then— Since long before we grew to men— Would have made such a striking change! Now, honestly, Jim Breen looked strange. He has deep wrinkles in his cheeks And his voice shakes like when he speaks!

His memory is bad, I know. I had to talk an hour or so Reminding him of what a noise We'd made at school when we were boys, And where I lived, and folks we knew— And still he said: "I don't place you."

Poor Jim! He's getting old, that's all. He used to be so strong and tall, Without a crowfoot 'round his eyes Or gray hairs to give him disguise. It almost moves a man to tears To see how friends change with the years.

And queerest of it all is, Jim Said I looked just as strange to him. Said I was getting rather gray And walked in a stoop-shouldered way. It's odd how age makes Jim Breen see All other folks the same as he!

VANITY FAIR

Mr. and Mrs. G. N. P. Kirkpatrick leave this Friday for the East, taking with them Miss Gladys Kirkpatrick, who is commencing her studies at Harvard College.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Smith returned from a jolly summer's outing at Banff on Tuesday.

I hear that this popular resort, despite the rainy weather of late, has been very gay, the Saturday night "Hops" at the C. P. R. Hotel attracting many week-end visitors from Calgary.

Some of the cottagers are already closing their houses for the season though, no doubt hastening their departure owing to the prolonged rain and damp.

During their stay in Calgary, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught will be guests of Senator and Mrs. Loughhead.

Mr. and Mrs. Swaisland and their children returned last Saturday from their summer's camp at Bowen Island, all looking splendidly after their holiday by the sea.

Madame Cote and her children have returned from a delightful holiday, spent with her parents, Professor and Madame Gagnon, in Quebec.

Mrs. Hislop was the hostess of a smart little supper on Sunday night, Mr. and Mrs. Ambrose Dickies, and Dr. and Mrs. Edward Fortin, of Winnipeg, being among the guests.

Mr. and Mrs. Cantley, of Belton Lodge, are enjoying a little holiday at Seba Beach, where they are occupying the Alan Fraser cottage. Mr. Reggie Cantley went out last Saturday to spend the week-end with his brother.

Mrs. Heber Jamieson has Mr. G. J. Jenkins of London, Eng., as her guest.

Mr. and Mrs. M. R. Jennings returned at last week-end, from a most enjoyable ten days at Field.

Mr. Geo. O'Connor is another Edmonton visitor at present enjoying a jaunt in the mountains.

Mrs. Pardee entertained at a smart dinner of seven covers on Friday last, in honor of Mrs. Jardine, a relation of Mr. Spetie's, who is spending some time in town, a guest at the Corona.

The other present, were: Miss Violet Wilson, Mr. Spetie, Mr. Cassels and Mr. Harry Baldwin.

Mr. Frank Bowers has been appointed the University Librarian, and moves about the middle of next month over to his new residence on the South Side. His selection is one of the very wise moves made by the University authorities. Those who have the pleasure of knowing him well, will appreciate what congenial work he will find it, there being probably no more cultured, scholarly, or well-read, man in the Capital.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Bowman have taken the residence on 12th street, at present occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Bowers.

Dr. Tury, Dr. Heber Jamieson and Mr. Nobbs of McGill University, Dr. Tury's guest, were a congenial and jolly party, who spent several most enjoyable days at "Shorewood" last week, the guests of Colonel Jamieson.

Other campers who have flown back to town, are Lieut. Colonel Mac Edwards and their family, who have spent a happy summer at their cottage at Cooking Lake.

The Edmonton Tennis Club tournament began this past Thursday at the courts on Twenty-first street. A great many entries have been made, something in the neighborhood of two hundred. At time of writing, however, the weather is abominable, and scarcely promises a very pleasant prospect for play.

The Misses Buchanan are back in town after a three weeks' camp at Seba Beach, where a number of Edmontonians enjoyed their hospitality.

Gunn-Simons—At All Saints' church, Winnipeg, on August 21, 1912, by the Rev. F. C. C. Heathcote, Ralph G. Gunn, Delburne, Alberta, son of Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Gunn, Hamilton, to Caloura Simonds, daughter of the late H. C. Simonds, Fisholt Manor, Boston, England, and of Mrs. Simonds, Hamilton, Ontario.

Mr. Gunn is a brother of Mrs. Frank Bowers and visited his sister in Edmonton about a year ago. Old Hamiltonians will remember Miss Simonds, his bride, as a splendidly talented, and very artistic girl.

Miss MacDonald I hear, has fallen so much in love with the Coast, that she expects to make it her permanent home. She arrived back in town this week but only for a visit, and to make arrangements for her fitting to Vancouver.

Madame Thibaudan, Mrs. Goldwin Kirkpatrick, and the Misses Knudsen are spending a ten days' camp at their cottages at Coal Point.

Mr. Kenneth Townsend left last Sunday on a week's business trip to Winnipeg.

Mrs. Booth and her son and daughter left on Tuesday for Banff, returning to Calgary in time to take in the Stampede.

Mr. and Mrs. Scoble will be the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Adams for the Stampede week in Calgary.

Mrs. J. H. Needlands of Calgary who has been visiting Mrs. John Stokes left this week for her home in the South.

I see that Toronto friends are making a great deal of Mrs. Arthur Murphy, all sorts of parties being given in her honor.

Mrs. Baldwin and Miss Baldwin have come on

from the coast for a month's visit to Mr. Harry Baldwin. They are en pension at "Updown."

The report that Mrs. and Miss Houghcher and Miss Emily Houn returned early in the week from Sebelt is incorrect. As yet no word has been received as to when they are expected back.

Miss Elsie Day's marriage to Dr. Arthur Rooney takes place in First Presbyterian church on Sept. 15. Miss Ethel Dignum of Toronto, who is to be Miss Day's bridesmaid, is visiting in Edmonton.

Dr. and Mrs. Forin announce the engagement of their daughter, Florence Jennie, to Mr. William Hunt, son of the late Colonel Hunt and Mrs. Hunt, Preston, Lancashire, England, the marriage to take place in First Presbyterian Church, September 18th. A great many friends will unite in showering hosts of good wishes on this popular girl and her stalwart fiancé. Mr. Hunt has been surveying during the past summer in the Yellowhead Pass district, and is spoken by everyone who knows him, as a very fine and promising young fellow.

Mrs. Alex May has Miss Mary Swanson, of Kamloops and Miss Reid of Vancouver visiting her.

Mrs. Muir Frith has her aunt, Mrs. Alexander Turner, and her husband of Hamilton with her on a short visit.

Col. and Mrs. Belcher and their daughter are home from their camp on Gull Lake.

Miss Shibley was a tea-hour hostess on Thursday, Mrs. Strath of Winnipeg being the guest of honor. About twenty of Mrs. Strath's old-time friends forgot and had a cosy chat over the tea-cups. Miss Fielders pouring tea on a lovely old rosewood tea table, beautifully done with a bowl of fragrant blossoms, while Miss Crosskill cut the ices.

Mrs. Hislop is giving a girls' luncheon on Friday in honor of next month's bride-to-be, Miss Forin.

Mrs. Hislop is one of the most hospitable hostesses at the Capital, and is particularly good about entertaining the younger set.

Mrs. T. W. Lines' tea last Wednesday afternoon was one of the smartest affairs given this summer. Such quantities of exquisite flowers, such a gathering of beautifully gowned women, such a no-nonsense, sophisticated society took itself "to the woods and water resorts" early in the season.

Mrs. Lines was wearing a handsome black lace costume, and her niece, Miss Lines, from England, a sweet, girlish frock of some fascinating shade of blue silk poplin, with fine lace insertions.

Mrs. McMahon cut the ices, and Mrs. Billy Lines presided at the tea-table, set in the roomy hall, again a perfect beaver of blossoms.

Assisting, were Mrs. Charlesworth and Mrs. Scoble, both wearing charming frocks, the former in old gold satin, with a large picture hat, and Mrs. Scoble looking a picture in exquisite white eyelid embroidery, with folds of pink satin and a frilly Valenciennes hat with tiny pink rosettes.

Some of those I noticed were: Mrs. Tull, Mrs. Wm. Short, Mrs. Jack Anderson, Mrs. Hislop, Mrs. Murray and Miss Murray of Scotland, Miss Tilley, Miss Snowden, Mrs. Brunt, Mrs. Wilfred Harrison looking ultra smart, Mrs. Culbert, Mrs. Nightingale, Madame Thibaudan, the Misses Rudolf and Mrs. Roddes.

I meant to have commented last week on Miss Margaret Culbert's splendid exhibition of horsemanship, at the Exhibition. In her perfectly fitting, riding habit, and especially when handling the reins behind the Hon. D. C. Cameron's swagger little trap, with the saucy little groom up behind. I

mean, as I heard, there was a grandstand appeared to be of a like mind, about as fine a young figure of a horsewoman as you could hope to see anywhere.

Ms. Robert, too, is always a delight when she handles the reins.

On the street, in the smart turnout she generally affords, with her sparkling mane, and her gleaming attractive a sight, or one that makes you imagine yourself back in the really, truly, makes you imagine the infernal clatter of high-stepping horses on the pavements forms one of the pleasantest sounds I know of.

Mrs. Riddell, the Secretary of the Women's Canadian Club, has issued invitations to the members of the Club, on behalf of Mrs. Sifton, the Premier's wife, to a reception at "Garrykennagh" on Wednesday afternoon, Sept. 4th, in honor of Her Royal Highness, the Duchess of Connaught, the affair to take place at four o'clock precisely.

Each member is asked to present her personal visiting card.

The Women's Canadian Club are holding a luncheon at the Corona Hotel, on Sept. 16th, at 1.30 o'clock, in honor of Mrs. Creighton, wife of the late Bishop of London, whose name and fame are household words in Great Britain.

Luncheon tickets for the above may be obtained either at Douglas & Co.'s, or D. J. Young's, bookstores. Guest tickets may be had on written application to the Secretary. Tickets, \$1.00.

Mrs. Firin is giving a dance in the "Blue Moon," the evening of September 18th, the night of her daughter's wedding.

"MUSIC AND THE DRAMA."

At ninety a settler in a strange land, Mahdile Marchesi, who has merged her song of long Parisian history with that of her daughter Blanche in London, has been telling the English girls, through the medium of the London Daily News, why they cannot expect to sing more and better.

First, of course, she dwells upon the necessity of a "life of sacrifice" for the world-beat artist—which loses no atom of its fundamental and insistent truth through countless repetitions—then she proceeds to tell the English girls that they are full of a kind of halo and want youth and energy to do their best.

"You know nothing of the art of wrapping up or sitting still. You go out in all weathers, and are too laiszy to protect yourselves." The teacher of Melba goes on to say that she herself has been "wrapped up," and never does "the foolish, care-

less things that the English do"; she has never wasted precious energy on sport, she has never "strained her heart" by doing things meant only for men. English girls, inasmuch as they are always "straining themselves for the sake of sport," cannot hope to sing, for the simple reason that they have not the strength—they have "wasted it on hockey," and their hearts are not strong enough when they sing!

These remarks from the dean of the world's singing teachers have afforded pleasant amusement, rather than serious discussion, and even what attention they have attracted has been due mainly to the prestige of their source.

Jean de Reszke, the celebrated Polish tenor, is to return to opera in this country next season, according to Musical America.

This information comes through Alexander Lambert, the New York piano teacher, who returned from Europe last week. Mr. Lambert says that both de Reszke himself and Mme de Reszke told him in Paris of the tenor's decision to accept an engagement offered by Andreas Dippel.

The arrangement is for M. de Reszke to make twenty appearances with the Chicago-Philadelphia opera company, some of them undoubtedly at the Metropolitan opera house during the visits of the Dippel company to New York.

A generation ago the rural singing school shared honors with the "byemorn course," and the spelling-school as a winter diversion. Church choirs were large, were drawn from the parish membership, and, as a rule, were unpaid. Even in humble homes the parlor organ "melodion" was a magnet that drew the family together.

To-day the singing school is presented merely as a burlesque, to raise funds for charity. Every year it becomes harder to find the churches where the "village choir" still survives; instead of "making" our joyful noise to the Lord, we buy it. A paid quartet does the work—at considerable expense to the church. The parlor organ has been put out in the shed chamber, and even the piano gets pushed farther into the corner, to make room for the bridge tables. Knowledge and appreciation of good music have probably increased in America, but the actual practice of it by Americans has become less general.

Not so among those of foreign birth or parentage. In the midst of the swarming children and the push-carts of the East Side, in New York, stands the Music School Settlement. It began seventeen years ago with one teacher and a dozen pupils. There are now seventy teachers and seven hundred pupils—boys and girls—in the neighborhood. It began twenty-five cents per lesson to study singing, harmony, violin, and the piano. The North End, in

Boston, has a regular school, and others are springing up elsewhere, on the same plan of low-priced lessons, momentous scholarships, and rehearsals to which the parents and friends of the pupils are admitted—but it is always in the "foreign quarter" that these schools appear.

The aim is not so much to develop concert players of musical genius as to foster the love of music in the home. A trained musician in every family is the ideal. It may never be realized, but it is something to have fitted thousands of young people to earn their living by teaching music, and to have introduced a regenerating social influence that is not to be discredited in order to be palatable.

Many of the people who have come to us from abroad are fervent lovers of music, and have brought with them the finest musical traditions. Our national life is richer for their coming. Nevertheless, it may be a pity if we allow them to improve and enjoy so rich a life alone.

"Musical America" tells a story about Bruno Hilde, the composer of a song cycle called "The Divan." The quartet selected to sing the composition was advertised as "The Persian Cycle Quartet." A short time ago the following letter was received by the manager from the owner of an amusement park in Pennsylvania: "I seen your ad, and would say that I am in the market for good tunes. Cycle acts is a little stale but if your people are genuine Persians it may help send on printed matter and lead-neck price."

The Montreal opera will continue during the coming season, but on a larger scale than heretofore, the exchange agreement with the Boston Opera Company. This will enable some of the world's greatest artists to appear in Montreal. Although French opera will still predominate in the repertoire, Italian opera will be continued in the original language. The seating capacity of the present opera house is only 1,800. In a year or two the manager expects to have a building that will fulfill all requirements.

The deficit of the Dresden Royal Opera for the past season amounted to \$200,000, which was paid by the King of Saxony. The total attendance at the opera was 366,000. This means that King Frederick August paid nearly fifty-five cents for every ticket sold. Oh for more of such generous patrons!


The increased liberty of action now given to young people leads them away from music to more pleasant ways of spending Sundays—Rev. S. C. Challenger.

If Christianity is to be preserved in this generation it must be done by men abreast of the best knowledge of the day—Dr. A. T. Fowler.

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teenth day of August, A.D. 1911.

R.N. FRITH & Co., Limited

"The late Hubert Latham
scorned marriage."
The speaker was a Philadelphia
clownman. He resumed:

"I met Latham at Nice during
the aviation week in 1910. There
were about ten men flying at
Nice, and three of them—Chavez,
Rous and Latham—were now dead."

"After the day's meet I would
young fellows at the Royal hotel.
Many were the quips and cracks
they would get off at the expense
of its middle-aged married men."

"I remember Latham telling
about some amateur theatricals
he once took part in. He said
that one of the performers had
taken a poem, and he did it very
poorly, very badly, and un-
feelingly."

"So the stage manager took
him to task."

"Here you," he said, "don't you
know that's a love poem? Put
some amor into it. Recite it as if
you were head over ears in love."

"Ah, how can I?" said the other.

"Am I married?"

THE LEISURE HOUR

"OVER THE CITY, NIGHT."

(By Fannie Stearns Davis.)

I Shut my door, I stand alone;
My windy gaslight leaps and sings
Over the City weaves the Night
Her web of secret things.
Over the City, all the streets
Grow cavernous with dusk, or glare
White with a thousand lamps,—While I
Stand, letting down my hair
Pale mirrored face, that comes to meet
My face with such unseeing eyes,
Art thou then "I," who was so wild
And thought myself so wise?
—Over the City, face to face
Stares at itself to-night, to find
Only a curious shell, with eyes
Wide, meaningless, and blind,
I walked once in a graveyard place,
Greeting the Dead Folk from the ground.
But I am lonelier far to-night
Than with gray tombs around.
Life! Life!—the silence and the cry:
The surge of seas without a chart;
More strange than Death—Who ever chose
His course?—Born blind, to start
Adventuring?—But now, behold,
We must face on, forever fare.
—Over the City,—Night—And I
Stand, letting down my hair.

On Monday, the first day in school, over at Mac-
Kay avenue, one of the teachers was addressing a
scholar.

"I don't know what the question was, but the ab-
sent-minded boy apparently had forgotten his sub-
ject, and was 'home' again on his holidays."

"Yes mother," he answered.

"There was a shout from all the benches."

Later, Mr. McCaig called around, when another
boy was heard to whisper:

"Say, Reggie, if Mr. McCaig asks you anything,
be sure to answer 'yes father'."

"Oh yes!" said the contrived boy, "wait till I get
you at recess."

Madame Anna Pavlova's garden party, which she
gave late in June at her House, Harry, steal, was well
in keeping with the personality of one who does
nothing like other people. She received her guests
on a balcony overlooking the garden, which sloped
down to a green lawn bordered with lilies, a fountain
splashing in a little lake and the panorama of a
far-off London behind. How did she manage to in-
fuse into this English garden the spirit of a dainty
carnival? The scene, with its hooded ladies and



sat-in-coated men, might have dropped straight out
of one of Conder's fans. A minute was danced on
the lawn, a band of delicate little girls performed
a Greek measure, and late in the afternoon Madame
Pavlova herself, in orange chiffon draperies, danced
with Norfolk to some wild Bacchanalian music,
with roses instead of vine leaves and the intoxicat-
ing perfume of the garden. In the evening, the
green garden, with the sun for her footlights, her
dancing was like a vision out of fairyland. Many
before this have attempted to do it justice in many
ever beautiful phrases they could steal from the
language. But it cannot be done; the magic of Pav-
lova's dancing is not to be conveyed in print.

Have you been reading that fine story, "The Turn-
stile," in Scribner's? There are some splendid pas-
sages all the way through.

Here is what Harry Kames says to his wife, on
the eve of his departure on a hazardous three years'
expedition to unknown lands.

"All that I thought so fine, so well worth hav-
ing—the fight with other men for mastery, the conquest
with a conqueror would bring—the power and
rule and government—it's extraordinary how com-
pletely all desire for it has vanished out of me!"

"The fight now remains to me mean,
ignoble with intrigues, detestable, the victory not
worth the fight. No doubt I am wrong. I went
into the House of Commons, you see, without
ideas," and now I have one, a big one, and it has
mastered me."

"I long for simple things, not shifts and intrigues

and bitterness; the gray mists on glaciers; the day's
journey over the snow, with its wind ridges and its
storms; the hard, lean life of it all; the fight, not
with men, but with the enormous things of Nature."

"I think that once a man has gone far into the
empty spaces of the earth, he has the mark of them
upon him."

And this:

"Robert Brook escorted Cythia across the water
to Southampton, and the next day witnessed her
departure from the dock on a steamer of the Royal
Mail for Buenos Aires. He returned to London
that afternoon, took a solitary dinner at his club,
and walked afterward to Curzon Street. The Ram-
eses' house was all lit up, and from the open win-
dows music drifted out upon the summer night."

Harry and Cythia let their house and they met
the new residents were giving a party. Robert
Brook had an invitation and went in. He listened
for half an hour, a party of coons and then could
endure no more. The comic songs and the laughter
seemed to him that night in this house a desecration.

For in the character of Harry Kames and his wife
he chose to see something of greatness, in their
lives something of achievement. He looked about
the walls. Some dark and terrible hours must needs
have been passed by both Harry and Cythia within
them before the great resolution had been taken
which had condemned her to three years of loneli-
ness on an estancia in South America and had strip-
ped him of a sure career in politics.

Robert Brook fell into a black mood and an utter
weariness with his own life. For him season was
to follow season and to find him still a guest at the
parties and the entertainments until he became old
and a bore. He envied Harry his expedition, Cythia
her sorrow. He went out wretched and walked
by instinct down Whitehall. On his way home he
passed the windows of the Board of Trade.

These, too, were brilliantly lit; for within the build-
ing a cabinet minister was endeavoring to compose
an acute struggle between artisans and their em-
ployers. Robert Brook watched those windows;
and his disgust with his own life increased. Here
again was achievement for others, not for himself.

There would never be room for him within that
building, nor within any other where the nation's
administration was being done. And his life was
going; indeed, the best part of it was done. He
walked on to his own small house and let himself
in with his key. The passage was dark and the
house silent. He stood for a while alone in the
darkness and the silence. He thought of Cythia
and Harry, of Devenish and his colleagues, of
others without number, but, at all events, with
wives and children. He had given up his life for
the House of Commons and the House of Commons
repaid him by barely knowing his name. There
was probably no man in London more wretched that
night than Robert Brook.

I may say that A. E. Mason, the author of "The
Turnstile," wrote it after a session in the House
of Commons himself. A further proof of the em-
ptiness of political life in even a country like
England, isn't it?

COLONIAL FURNITURE.

Colonial furniture, after being in fashion for over
ten years, is apparently more sought now than ever.
The question which confronts those who have
houses or rooms to furnish is, "Will its popularity
last?"

Yes; until some acceptable substitute offers itself.
At present there is nothing of the kind in sight. The
so-called "art nouveau" furniture has gained prac-
tically no footing in America at all. Mission furni-
ture has found favor, it is true, but only for certain
pieces to which its simplicity commends. It is not
beautiful, nor even distinguished.

Almost the only choice that remains is between
the colonial—either genuine antique piece or good
imitations—and a number of modern "styles,"
of which stamped leather and pressed wood, fringes
and plush are the usual characteristics; although
some furniture-makers have lately discovered the
beauty of the Elizabethan or Jacobean chair, an-
tables, and have begun to reproduce them. There
are several good reasons for preferring the colonial
to anything else.

In the first place—it is serviceable. Those pieces
which have survived the wear and tear of at least
three generations are still strong, and there is no
need except violence or decay—and worst
furniture should never decay—why a bureau or
even a chair that has lasted a hundred years should
not last a hundred more.

In the second place, it is beautiful. Pieces pure in
style are remarkably pleasing to the eye; and pieces
of hybrid origin—the blended styles of the Georgian
period—are usually made up of details that go well
together. Whether a "well front" bureau has claw
feet of Hepplewhite legs or Sheraton posts seems to
make no difference.

Again, colonial furniture is fitted to our houses.
Generally speaking, American houses are not large.
Into our chambers and living rooms the delicate
yet strong colonial furniture fits well.

Even if furniture-designers eventually develop
something that can take the place of colonial furni-
ture, no one who has true taste will regret that old
familiar pieces have been brought down to the pres-
ent, repaired, and set up in the chambers and liv-
ing rooms which they originally adorned. Lovers
of the beautiful will always admire colonial furni-
ture, and antiquarians will always want it.

But if you have no old pieces of your own, and
good old furniture is not to be found, or is too ex-
pensive, is it advisable to buy imitations?

On the whole, yes. The serviceability ought to be
nearly as great, the beauty is almost—although
never quite—the same, and the historic suggestion
is there, if not the actual connection with men and
events. Why not the imitation of this, then, rather
than the imitation of something else, seeing that
we have no true modern style of our own, and the
best we can do is to imitate something?

But there is one warning: Buy good imitations,
or the natives which we admire in the colonial will
be destroyed by flimsiness and cheapness and a kind
of tardy falsity.

A word about the Mission style. This is antique,
too, in a sense; it is captured from the furniture
being to be beautiful. But instead of endeavoring
by adding grace to strength, it usually tries by be-
coming heavier and more awkward. Mission furni-
ture is a good deal better, but that in a man's room or in
a club. In a girl's room, or where the ladies of the
family congregate, it is out of place.

NO DULL CRICKET IN

SAMOA.
If you are grumbling at a dull
cricket you should go to Samoa,
where—according to Mr. Mahaffy
—they play 75 a side on a sort of
village green. They have an offi-
cial to live things up, an official
who has no English name. He is
armed with a long whip, which
he uses relentlessly on the back or
legs of the fieldman who fails in
his duty, here was a man who
dropped an easy catch. The offi-
cial chased him into the bush and
gave him his punishment while
the spectators followed. There is
not a dull moment in Samoan
cricket, together with those splendid

Backward, turn backward, O
time, in your flight, and give us a
maiden dressed proper and right.

We are so weary of switches and
rats, Billy Burke clusters and
teach basket hats, shades of jute
hair in a horrible pile, and stacked
on their heads to the height of a
mile. Something is wrong with
the maidens, we fear. Give us
the girls we once knew of yore,
whose curls didn't come from a
floss dressing store. Maidens who
dressed with a sensible view, and
just as Dame Nature intended
them to. Give us a girl with a fig-
ure her own, and fashioned divine-
ly by Nature alone. Feminine
style's getting fiercer each year—
oh, give us the girls as they used
to appear.

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